

1923



Meek

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TORONTO

*IN CASE OF FIRE OR
PANIC, CUT AROUND
THE DOTTED LINE*

INGRAM & BELL, LIMITED

T O R O N T O
256 McCaul St.

C A L G A R Y
519 Centre St.

*Complete Supply House For All
Medical and Surgical Requisites*

The ways of modern surgery are
wonderful, indeed,
There comes a puny patient, whose
ambition's gone to seed,
A feeble human wreck on whom the
undertakers gloat,
And the doc. rejuvenates him with a
gland from Billy Goat.

A worn and weary pugilist, with
sinews broken down,
Conceives a sudden notion to regain
his lost renown;
And so he has a chunk of goat inserted
in his frame,
And boldly horns his way once more
to opulence and fame.

If I had any hankerings a pugilist to
be,
I'd never let the doctors put a goat
gland into me.
But if I were allowed to choose what
sort of gland to wear,
I'd pick a Bengal tiger, or a lion or a
bear.

INVITATION TO SENIOR YEARS DEPT. OF PATHOLOGY, U. of T.

On and after February 30th, 1923,
afternoon tea, consisting of ascitic
broth and blood agar flavoured to
taste with B. Coli communis, and our
renowned pickled livers and pre-
served kidneys, will be served to
those taking off autopsies. Those
who can talk easily and drink readily
at the same time are especially in-
vited (no names mentioned). Come
and spend a sociable half-hour.

Dr. Smith (at out-patients)—
"What condition is this?"

Westman—"Water on the knee."

Dr. S.—"How would you treat
this girl's knee?"

Westie—"I'd have her wear
pumps."

THE DOCTOR'S PRAYER

Heaven bless those who take my pills,
But Lord please make them pay my
bills.

We Invite You

to the privileges of a comfortable room on our premises
for the inspection and perusal of our complete line of

Medical, Surgical and Kindred Books

Stationery and Books of every description

MAKE OUR STORE A RENDEZVOUS

McAINSH & CO., Limited

4-5 College Street, Toronto

AN ODE TO THE A.O.A.

Close to the side of the patient,
Eager to join in the fray,
Stand the students of infinite learning,
Bright stars of the A.O.A.

Sparkling clear in the sunlight
(They're polished at break of day),
Just above the "Space of Retzius,"
Hang the keys of the A.O.A.

Not for them the "snap diagnosis,"
Not for them brilliant repartee;
They must weigh every answer e'er
given,
Grave men of the A.O.A.

For they have to maintain reputa-
tions,
And with questions, clinicians dis-
may;
They oft cut the throats of each other,
For the honour of A.O.A.

Then here's to us mere mediocres,
With cerebri but normally gray;
But perhaps we'll "make good" in
the future,
Just like members of A.O.A.

W. E. H.

Dr. Rolph—"Let's have a clinic on
this patient or she'll feel slighted."

Doc Sinnott—"I didn't know that
was the answer you wanted."

Dr. Alan Brown—"Now somebody
ask a sensible question."

Dr. Perry Goldsmith: "— like the
old woman who said 'I have only two
teeth but thank God they meet'."

Dr. Shenstone (looking at clinical
attendance sheet)—"Hurlburt, how
do you spell Lues?"

Hurlburt—"L-O-U-I-S."

Dr. S.—"Oh, come off that,
Doctor."

Hurlburt—"I guess I was consider-
ing it from the wrong angle, sir."

4th Year Student in Microscopy—
"What term would you apply to this
liver? It seems all tied up in cords."

Demi—"Gimber knots."

Two potent oils—Croton and
Johnnie.

THE EPISTAXIS

1923

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

T W E N T Y - F I F T H A N N I V E R S A R Y

| | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|------------------------|
| <i>Chief Daffy</i> | - | - | D. M. MEEKISON |
| <i>Head Dill</i> | - | - | J. H. GROVE |
| <i>Daffydils</i> | - | - | { S. E. BAKER 2T3 |
| | | | { THE EDITORS 2T4 |
| | | | { J. P. MIDDLEBRO' 2T5 |
| | | | { D. A. IRWIN 2T6 |

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MEDICAL SOCIETY

D. M. CAMPBELL,
President

R. H. PROUD,
Vice-President

E. K. LYON,
Secretary

and may the Lord have mercy on their souls.

PROGRAMME ON PAGES 16, 17 and 18

Preface

It gives us a great deal of pleasure to have the privilege of presenting to our Readers, EPISTAXIS, on this, the occasion of the Twenty-Fifth anniversary of Daffydil Night. In 1897 the late Dr. McDougal, Dr. Ed. Carder of Vancouver, and Dr. Harry Hutchison and Dr. P. W. O'Brien who are probably sitting somewhere in the pit to-night, put on the first Daffydil entertainment. It took the form of a Punch and Judy show in which paper dolls were designed to represent the various professors. It was held in the lecture theatre of the old Medical College at the corner of Gerrard and Sackville Streets and, advisedly, only students were admitted. After two or three years there was a period in which there was no definite organization until 1912, when Dr. R. R. McClenahan, then President of the Medical Society, Dean C. K. Clarke, whom our guests may see down there in the orchestra, in front, with his violin, and Dr. D. A. Warren, first chairman of Daffydil, staged the first big performance in Convocation Hall. On this occasion Dr. H. B. Van Wyck was musical director and Dr. H. A. Hessian produced the first issue of EPISTAXIS. The affair was a great success and has been an established custom every year since, with the exception of 1913. If it continues to be well received, as we hope it will be to-night, no doubt the custom will go on in the future and in after years will become a tradition. We assure all of our readers, and especially the professorial staff, that the whole entertainment and EPISTAXIS are given to them in a spirit of fun and good fellowship and that those who are singled out for special attention in either, may take it as a mark of the affection the students bear toward them.

THE EDITORS.



Dedicated to
The Nurses
of
The Toronto General Hospital
The Hospital for Sick Children
The Toronto Western Hospital
St. Michael's Hospital
The Burnside Hospital
The Isolation Hospital
by
The Students of the
Faculty of Medicine
U. of T.

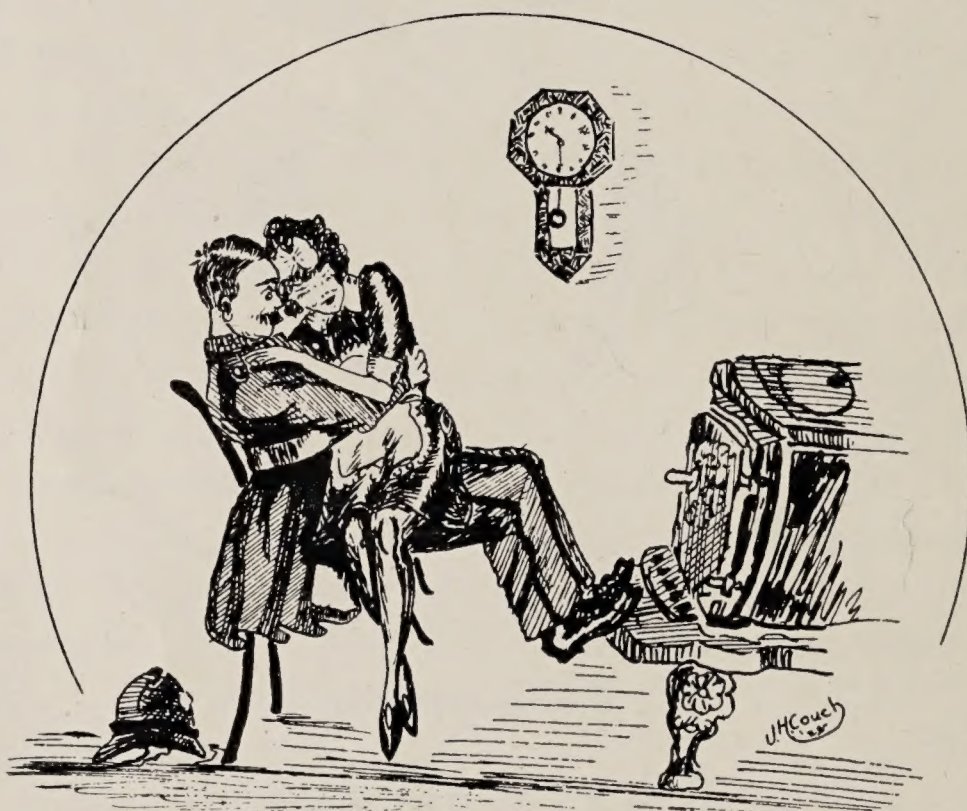


HAEMORRHAGES

Where do the lecturers get that “**we** were discussing” stuff?

We wonder what the student who has just bought a new overcoat, is thinking when he goes into a lecture at the T.G.H.

A local paper tells a tragic tale of a woman who was foully murdered with a poker by her husband, being beaten from head to foot, many bones broken and the flesh lashed to ribbons. Dr. Silverthorne is of the opinion that the husband was annoyed or something unusual must have happened.



Housemaid's Knee

Dr. Detweiller says there is no such thing as Rose Fever, but after reading our Christmas florist's bill we ran a temperature of 104.

We understand that the recent cold wave was due to the fact that one of the technicians left a window open at the Liquid Helium Laboratory. Gross carelessness!

From Mr. Punch's Calendar—**BABY COMFORTS**: Asbestos, cement building sheets and compressed asbestos fibre jointing. After the war as before. *Indian paper*—Possibly for some children but certainly not for Alan Brown babies.

“There is also in attendance a **Phyciaschrist**—” (from a nurse's note-book). Rather unorthodox but shows signs of originality.

Dr. Rudolf stated that the first stage of pleurisy was as dry as Ontario.—Aye, there's the rub.

Although cognac is now taboo, Professor Henderson states that relief may be found in $C_4O_6H_4NaK$.

We think that Prof. Bridges might spend a week-end profitably by clearing up the “Small” mystery. Personally, we would hate to sit into a poker game with the said Prof. Bridges.

There is considerable hope for the world when we see one Scotsman saying that there are too many other Scotsmen in the Faculty of Medicine.

It is reported that Dr. Bailey has trailed the wily “Mitotic Figure” to its lair. He never succeeded in doing this while we were in Histology.

Now that Dr. Howland has been mistaken for Geo. Arliss, we are momentarily expecting to hear of some one having addressed J. J. R. as Harry Lauder.

The horned rabbit of Simcoe has turned out to be a fake. Too bad to deprive the *Star* of another sensation.



Counter Irritant



Rubefacient

Prof. Rudolf believes in prophylaxis to such an extent that he uses chains on his car whether it is slippery or not.

The office staff in the Med. Building would like to know why Mr. Stringer's attendance sheets come in perfumed with lavender and violets.

It is reported that a New York doctor has cured a boy's seven year blindness by giving him a pig's eye. If the boy got a Hordeolum would it be a pig's styte?

Daily Star news item, Jan. 26, '23: A device to eliminate undesirable noises has been invented by Dr. G. W. Stewart, of the University of Iowa. No doubt some students would like to see one installed in the T.G.H. lecture room so they could sleep undisturbed.

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN

Dr. Lougheed—"I'm here to give yez a boost."

Dr. Armour (to the late comer)—"Perhaps you'd like me to call for you with a baby carriage."

Dr. Howland (pointing sympathetically to Sandy English's nodding

head)—"I 'allus' used to sleep through lectures myself."

Dr. Detweiler—"Oh! It is, is it???"

Dr. V. Henderson—"Gentlemen—er . . . and ladies. In my lawst lectuah."

Dr. F. N. G. Starr—"That reminds me of a story."

Dr. Fletcher McPhedran—"And I says to the guy."

Dr. V. Harding (looking at his complicated chalk chart of the whole of Metabolism covering 22 feet of blackboard)—"I think this is perfectly clear."

Dr. Magner—"Nothing . . . er . . . What do you call the damned thing?"

Dr. W. L. Robinson—"Oh! this is awful, awful!!!"

Dr. Shuttleworth—"Why, I knew that when I was at public school."

Dr. Shenstone—"Who's your next clinician? I hope he's gentle, you'll need a change."

Dr. Murray might be called the Pollyanna of the T.G.H. staff. In spite of having two clinics of women this term he still sees the bright side—"Thank God for one thing," he said, "they can't come up to palpate a patient with their hands in their trouser pockets."



A STIFF DRINK

IN the spring of 19— a certain well known Canadian battalion was in billets near Poperinghe. The tour of duty the battalion had just come out of had been a particularly rotten one. Rain and fog during the day with frost spells at night played havoc with the trenches so that the boys were more than fed up with any demonstrations from "dear old Fritz".

So it was with a feeling of well-earned freedom that three "side-kicks" wangled a late pass for "Pop". There were certain canteens where "Bière Anglais" and other beers could be obtained. There were little cafés or estaminets where one could do ample justice to the inner man without having to turn one's rum ration over to the cook. In fact in some of these estaminets cooks exacted toll but of a kind any fellow would pay, as it required a certain amount of reciprocation on the part of the fair (or dark) cook.

Our three "musketeers" had dined well (pommes des terre, etc.), wine well and then proceeded to seek adventure on the high seas of uncharted estaminets. The age-old question of desire versus capacity+pay was cut short by closing time.

But Bob, Bill and Jack were wise (or otherwise) in their generation. During the time at their disposal they had managed to acquire much ballast. Bill in fact was so far transported that he claimed the earth as his. Bob and Jack loyally supported him.

The night was cold, the road was wet and muddy and as so often happens Bill wanted to sleep, and as he owned the world any old place would do. Bob and Jack did their best but navigation for them was becoming difficult.

As if in answer to their unspoken thoughts a huge building loomed up out of the darkness. Bob and Jack recognized it but Bill was com-

pletely unconscious of his whereabouts. An easy solution of their problem was offered by the open door.

Supporting Bill between them, Bob and Jack carefully got him inside where the interior was divided off into booklike shelves, each with a blanket-covered occupant. The two conspirators carefully inserted Bill into a bunk and covered him with a blanket. Then they left him snoring gently.

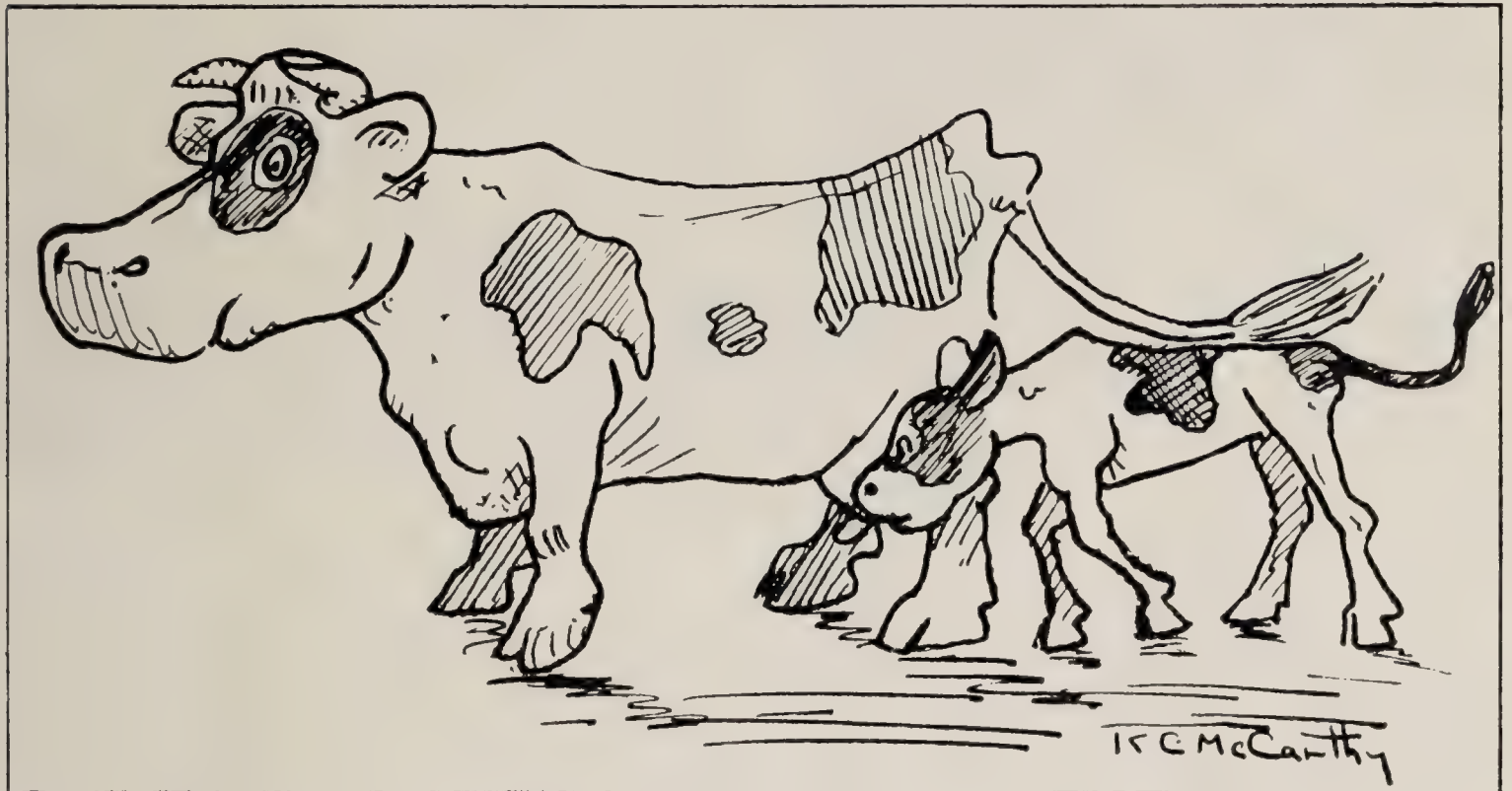
Bill's peace was soon disturbed by the chill of the frosty night. He half-awakened and from billet habit reached out to his nearest neighbour for the edge of his blanket. His first grip was poor and the blanket wouldn't come. The next time he got a good grip and with a heave jerked at the blanket. Man and all went to the floor with a crash. Bill was now thoroughly awake but still had the rosy glow of "Pop". He tried again but only found that this fellow had wrapped his blanket well around him. Bill now roused, decided to investigate. Crawling out of his bunk and gently swaying in the aisle he struck a match.

As its flame leaped up and his eyes became used to it he studied his surroundings. Puzzled he stared from shelf to shelf each with its close-blanketed occupant. He glanced at the floor and there with the blanket off its face lay the object he had pulled down. Truth crashed upon him in cold nerve-tingling waves. He was gazing at the bodies of those who had died in the nearby hospital the previous day.

H. B. L. 2T4.

OVERHEARD AT THE OUT-PATIENT, T.G.H.

Vth year student: הרעמעה
Patient: סהלכאמ



The Original Cafeteria

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE
TO KNOW

IN THE
FIFTH YEAR

1. Who stole *Strachan Harris's* girl?
2. When *Tud Swan* wins a game of Russian?
3. What interest *Mike Hunt* has in the *Western Daly*?
4. Who marcel *Dunc Kilgour's* hair?
5. Why *Baker* is never on time for a clinic, and why *Glass* is always a little later?
6. What keeps *Robby Robinson* out till 4.30 a.m. when he is not on call at Burnside?
7. Who wrote the *scrips* for the Med. At-Home?
8. When *Rus Luke* thinks he'll have a moustache?
9. When *Teskey* will forget to spread it?
10. What it's like to be a daddy—Doug Carrie?
11. Who'll get the gold-headed cane for athletics?

Dr. Spohn (during brain grind)—
"What's this?"

Greg. Amyot—"The chorion."

Why Doctor Oille's clinics are so stimulating:—

Dr. Oille, at Monday clinic, after receiving correct answers to several questions: "This class is the first one bordering on intelligence that I've had this year."

Tuesday (to same clinic), after receiving several theories as to the expansion of the lungs: "This is the largest collection of numskulls I've had yet."

Why? ? ? ?

Nonsense!!!

To Bockner, Vth Year: "Mitral Stenosis and you are strangers."

To Ford, Vth Year: "You're the most aggravating man I've ever talked to."

To McGinley, Vth Year: "What are you blubbering about?"

To Bradley, Vth Year (after receiving Bradley's theory of the function of the diaphragm): "Oh! you should have been the Creator."

HEARD AT THE BURNSIDE

Simpson: "The next case is twins."

Cohen: "And do we get credit for two cases?"



Terrible Accident Narrowly Averted

The older of the two children in the above photograph is Master Don. Campbell, the popular President of the Medical Society. In all fairness to him we wish to state that the younger child bears no relation to him whatever.

FIRST AID DEPARTMENT

The Emergency Department of the T.G.H. does handle some queer cases. Not long ago, one Stover and another Bird, housemen at the aforesaid hospital, dashed into the office and reported that a friend of theirs named Ford, had passed into a state of coma near the emergency entrance. They asked the diminutive nurse who happened to be on duty alone at the time, if an immediate transfusion could be arranged. The nurse didn't know quite watt to say, but was finally persuaded to set up a transfusion outfit. Five gallons of Hi-test were run in, intratankally, the operation being performed outside, with

the result that Mr. Ford immediately recovered consciousness, although seized with a severe shaking chill directly afterwards. The housemen are to be congratulated on their correct diagnosis and efficient treatment.

STOP PRESS FROM ST. MIKE'S

There is one thing about car riding with St. Michael's nurses, there is no danger of getting stuck in a snow bank, since they have to be in at 9.30. For further information ask Mr. Mowette.

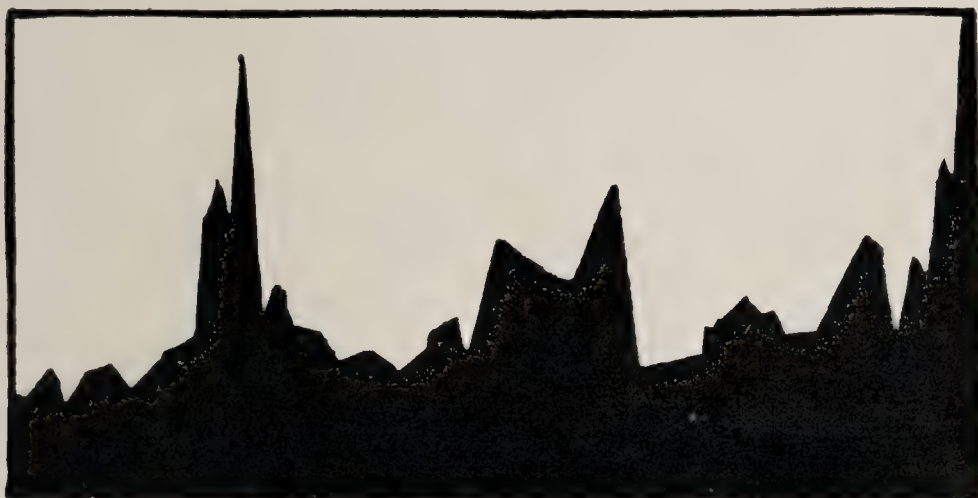
If you ever require valuable information as regards calories, carbohydrates, proteins and fats, etc., go to Mr. Snell, he surely must have it absorbed by this time.

To have a stand in with the interns at St. Mike's it pays to be a widow.

Hush! in the lone dark corridors of the basement disturbed by the tingles of the phone, 11.30 p.x.—then we hear our ever faithful Winnie—only to be greeted by, "I vish you would send up enough sandwiches for ze docteurs because you know all ze reports come to me, because I'm ze Senior house-man."

PROGRAMME?

Turn over
two more
pages



"The City of Churches"

or

The deaths per 100,000
population from pneu-
monia in Ontario from
1880 to 1920.



**"A Fortress on the
Rhine"**

or

The percentage of total
deaths from tuberculosis
in Ontario from 1880 to
1920.

**"The Cliffs of
Quebec at Even"**

or

The total deaths
in Ontario from
cancer from 1880
to 1920.



"Ontario in 1923"





REGURGITATIONS FROM 2T₄

Dr. Alan Brown—"What is the value of salads?"

Steam Ship English—"About a dollar a plate."

(X marks the spot where the body was found.)

This week's problem—When was Granny's busy day?

Art Rowley to fellow student—"What's your name?"

Fellow Student—"Voliskeroffsteinoski."

A. R.—"I know that, but what's your Christian name?"

Dr. Geo. Wilson—"What bone is this?"

Tim Wansbrough — "The osenemata."

Dr. Wilson—"Plural of enema, eh?"



Visions of his first case

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Dr. Canfield before he suffered from Alopecia?

Dr. Oille with a bass voice?

Dr. Mabee with a thirty-four waist?

Dr. Henderson sans pipe?

Dr. Defries without a smile?

Dr. Clarkson when he hasn't a new joke or story?

Dr. Howland telling St. Peter that he is tabetic?

Dr. Harding "In de can"?

Dr. Goldsmith with a tie of gentle hue?

Dr. Satterly with a chapeau sur la tête?

Dr. Gallie packing a case?

Drs. Silverthorn, F. Starr, and A. Brown after doing a "100" in 10' flat?

A FEW THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE OR HEAR

That free busses ran between the hospitals.

That all medical students were to be called Doctor.

That Hart House meals were "reportable to Dr. Hastings".

That all nurses were to be allowed to dance in the wards.

Why Dr. MacLeod went to Scotland and how many cases he saw.

That all lecture seats had cushions.

That Sparkplug belonged to Dr. Banting.

Dr. F. McPhedran as Jiggs.

That all sub-Medicos could issue scripts.

Who the nurse was that thought hula hula was a culture medium.

That students' elevators had been installed in the Med. Bldg. and the T.G.H.

The name of the Patient in ward I getting Spt. Frumenti 4 oz. t.i.d.a.c.

If Dr. Neil McKinnon is really engaged to a damsel in 2T₃.

The result of the Markowitz-Colvin Bout next May.

C. E. S. R.



PICKED FROM THE ASH-CAN

By

THE DAFFYDILS OF 2T5

W. R. FLETCHER
T. W. K. HUME
E. R. WESTMAN
C. B. HORTON
E. C. FIELDEN
M. A. HARE
K. C. MCCARTHY
and
J. P. MIDDLEBORO'

Dr. Detweiler—"How many cusps has the tricuspid valve?"

Chas. Knowlton—"Three."

Dr. Detweiler—"Foolish question, eh?"

Charlie (promptly)—"Yes, sir."

Dr. McPhedran—"I remember a case, once, in which we made a correct diagnosis—" (remainder lost in the applause).

"Bromo" Seltzer (to the front-seat-fiends)—"Gentlemen of the jewry—"

Audience (mixed)—"Story, story."

Bashful Candidate—"I'm sorry, but the only ones I know are some of Dr. Mabee's, and they wouldn't do."

Clinic Three are the athletic champions of 2T5, by default. Clinic Five forgot their bones.

We are sorry to report that several of our friends are suffering from acute infections of *Bacillus fungus upperlipicus*. For the benefit of the laity we would say that a fungus is a low form of vegetation, often growing on wood.

Dr. Lougheed—"I hope you don't mind if I cut the lecture short, as I was up all last night."

Fletcher (from rear)—"Not in the least: so was I."



Bab-in-skis

Bill Miller, the pool-shark of 2T5, has missed his calling. He should have taken "Commerce and Finance" or some of those "dry" subjects.

McGuire (in Hart House Dining Hall)—"This guy McCarthy is just like a slot machine; all you have to do is drop in a lunch, and up comes a story."

Monahan—"How about this guy Clark—all he has to do is to drop a story, and up comes your lunch."

Dr. McPhedran has only heard a *duplicate* heart-sound *twice!*

Fletcher—"Where's Fielden?"

Hume—"He's over eating, at Hart House."

Fletcher—"Who ever heard of anyone overeating at Hart House!"



THE PROGRAMME OF DAFFYDIL

FEBRUARY 8 and 9, 1923

THE COMMITTEE

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------|---|---|--------------------|
| <i>Chairman</i> | - | - | B. I. JOHNSTONE | <i>Representatives:</i> | | | |
| <i>Secretary</i> | - | - | FRANK GRIFFIN | <i>Medettes</i> | - | - | MISS J. R. DUNCAN |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | - | - | D. S. C. SWAN | 2T3 | - | - | - L. L. HENRY |
| <i>Stage Manager</i> | - | - | S. S. ENGLISH | 2T4 | - | - | - D. B. CODE |
| <i>Property Manager</i> | - | - | H. B. LANG | 2T5 | - | - | - K. C. MCCARTHY |
| <i>Assistant Property Manager</i> | | J. C. ARMSTRONG | | 2T6 | - | - | - R. A. WAGNER |
| <i>Orchestra Leader</i> | - | - | CHAS. STREETS | 2T7 | - | - | F. H. VAN NOSTRAND |
| <i>Lantern</i> | - | - | H. M. GRAY | 2T8 | - | - | E. M. McMURRAY |

A Prologue. "Spirit of Daffydil"..... MISS YOUNG

B 2T8 Presents, "The Keys to Health"

(A Play of a Sort)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Asclepiades..... | J. R. ROBERTSON |
| Judas..... | K. A. MACLEAN |
| Newah..... | C. HOOKINGS |
| Empedocles—a chiropractor..... | K. S. GRAY |
| Cleopatra—a nurse..... | M. M. R. HALL |
| Meetzan—a slave..... | O. A. KILPATRICK |
| Guards { Opium..... | D. S. HOARE |
| { Cocaine..... | R. A. REINHORN |

Meetzan, a slave of Alexandria, Egypt, has been sentenced by Ptolemy of Egypt to undergo a dissection by Asclepiades. Asclepiades performs part of dissection aided by Judas, the high priest of Alexandria, who endeavours to rid Meetzan of the evil spirit. During the dissection a note comes from Ptolemy saying Meetzan has been pardoned. Meetzan, however, survives the butchery.

C Prophylactic Jazz Band—Featuring Madame Linea Nigri (F. R. GRIFFIN) the famous Prima Donna, direct from Pleurodynia, accompanied by Prof. Gigantism (J. P. MIDDLEBRO) who will direct his own number.

Mandolins—F. J. SCOTT
F. M. LIVELY
E. L. McNIVEN

Ukeleles—J. R. WESTHEIMER
L. N. SILVERTHORN

Banjo—F. W. STOTT
Violin—A. L. MORGAN
Piano—R. E. A. MILNE

D 2T6 Presents, "Science and Civilization"

Scene I—Home of Alcibiades in Rome

Scene II—Court of Nero

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Alcibiades—A Greek Physician..... | BOB WAGNER |
| Trapezius—his assistant..... | ALLEN SWEET |
| Nero—Emperor of Rome..... | ROY HUGGARD |
| Cleopatra—Daughter of the Nile..... | STEW GORDON |
| King Solomon—King of Elizabeth Street..... | JAKE FINE |



EPISTAXIS

1923



| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Thrombosis—Slave of Cleopatra..... | DUG HARVEY |
| Anthracite } Slaves of Nero..... | { PERCY VIVIAN |
| Opium } | { FRANK FLEMING |
| Pyogenes—Guard of Nero..... | LORNE HASSARD |
| Students of Alcibiades..... | { REG. SCOTT |
| | { J. DEETON |

A little skit to aid the Freshman and enlighten the “uncultured” students of the 5 year course, depicting the practice of two ancient Greek Physicians and the startling results from a delicate operation.

E Presentation to the Founders of Daffydil and Epistaxis

DR. H. S. HUTCHISON
DR. P. W. O'BRIEN

DR. D. A. WARREN
DR. H. A. HESSION

F The Medettes Present, “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars”

- I—Passing Events.
- II—Nature Study—by Swirlie Blawson.
- III—Feature Presentation—“When Maidenhood Was in Power” (duration, 20 min.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Mary Tudor..... | PRIM ROSE DEAN |
| Queen Cathrine..... | LIZZIE MACFEDDON |
| Anne Boleyn..... | OLIVE OILLE |
| King Henry VIII..... | OLIVER MIGHT |
| Charles Brandon..... | GORDON CAMERA |
| King Louis XII..... | SANDY MACLOUD |
| Duke Francis..... | J. M. D. HOMESTEAD |
| Sir Edwin Caskoden..... | PEER SAUL |
| Duke of Buckingham..... | HUGHY AGGLUTININ |
| Cardinal Wolsey..... | BEN SLÉE |
| Doctor—specialist in second childhood..... | ELLEN BROWN |
| Court Jester..... | F. N. GEE |
| French Duke..... | E. STANLEY FIRESOME |
| Two Guards..... | { BOBBY HARMER |
| | { H. K. DEATHDEALER |

G Orchestra

H 2T5 Presents, “Diogenes Finds an Honest Man”

Written and produced by K. C. MCCARTHY.

Musical Director, R. E. A. MILNE

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Ananias..... | E. R. WESTMAN |
| George Washington..... | G. D. G. CAMPBELL |
| Henry VIII..... | H. J. ALEXANDER |
| Darwin..... | C. B. HARTON |
| Diogenes..... | D. C. HEGGIE |
| Adam..... | R. E. A. MILNE |
| Eve..... | E. C. FIELDEN |
| Beethoven..... | H. R. TEASDALE |
| Sheik..... | J. L. MCFADDEN |
| Johnny Walker..... | C. R. MAY |
| Medical Student..... | D. L. M. STREBIG |
| Devil..... | J. P. MIDDLEBRO |

The scene is laid in a sitting room in the “Fireman’s Friend”, a club in Hell. We have a glimpse of the everyday life of the members which is enlivened by some new arrivals from the earth. We shall also see to-night the solution of a problem that has puzzled philosophers for centuries—Diogenes at last finds his honest man.

I Medical Quartette



EPISTAXIS

1923



J 2T4 Presents, "A Canadian Doctor at the Court of King Arthur"

Written by J. H. GROVE

Director, D. B. CODE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | | | |
|---------------------|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| Sir Launcelot | E. J. WILLIAMS | King Arthur..... | S. S. ENGLISH |
| Sir Bedivere..... | W. D. HAWKINS | Merlin..... | J. H. GROVE |
| Sir Galahad..... | R. C. MONTGOMERY | Salome..... | R. M. WANSBROUGH |
| Court Jester..... | W. G. GRAY | Dr. Curem Quick..... | H. B. LANG |

Guards and Knights

At Piano.....F. J. SCOTT

Properties.....G. O. PARRY

Scene—An antechamber of King Arthur's Castle at Camelot, A.D. 513.

K Orchestra—Medley of Popular Songs

L 2T7 Presents, "A Slight Subluxation"

Scene—Chiropractor's Office

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Professor Allan Tois, Chiropractor..... | T. H. GLEESON |
| Annie, stenographer..... | L. A. CLARKE |
| Three chiropractic students— | |
| 1st Student—Westey..... | J. R. WESTHEIMER |
| 2nd Student—Harry Tenoid..... | L. MORGAN |
| 3rd Student—Archie Orta..... | L. H. DOUGLAS |
| Med. Frosh—Salp Henious (Sappy)..... | JOHN A. KELLY |
| Snuffie—a case of mistaken identity..... | E. B. PATTERSON |
| Mr. Cookoo—a conscientious objector..... | R. J. HEFFERING |
| A patient—Taenia Solium..... | { R. S. SADDINGTON A. R. MACNAMARA |

The skit deals with the manner in which a medical student gets an insight into modern Chiroquacktic methods and almost decides to change his course. There is no score at the end of the second period and you can pick your own winner at even money.

M Violin Solo.....J. E. D. GAMBLE

Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso (C. Saint-Saëns)

N 2T3 Presents, "At the Gates of Heaven"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | | |
|------------------|---------------|---------------------------------|
| ST. PETER | DR. R. GRAHAM | DR. RUDOLF |
| HIPPOCRATES | DR. J. OILLE | DR. HOWLAND |
| PLATO (recorder) | DR. MAGNER | DR. SILVERTHORNE (chiropractor) |

Several prominent members of the staff seek admission through the pearly gates to the "Promised Land". They go up before St. Peter and past history is looked up. As Doctors are not needed in the future world so their ability in other lines is brought out. Do they get in? Wait and see!

Owing to the length of programme encores cannot be given

GOD SAVE THE KING





A Device of a Certain Clinic in 2T5 for Sterilizing Gasoline

2T5 STILL BROADCASTS

Her's went from I,
Me's gone from she,
Us will no more,
Together is.
Her will take he,
Him has took she,
And them will think
No more of me.

How can it was!

(Ed. note—We thought the six year course took English.)

Clinician—"To-day we will take up palpation."

Hunter Wilson—"You first, doctor, she slapped my face last night."

Lub—"Why did you let that Ford pass you?"

Dûp—"Prof. Bott is driving it. If he can't pass me on the road he's not likely to pass me on the exams."

"When I kissed her last night she began to cry."

"She didn't like it?"

"No, she was crying for more."

(Ed. note—How some 2T5 man hates himself.)

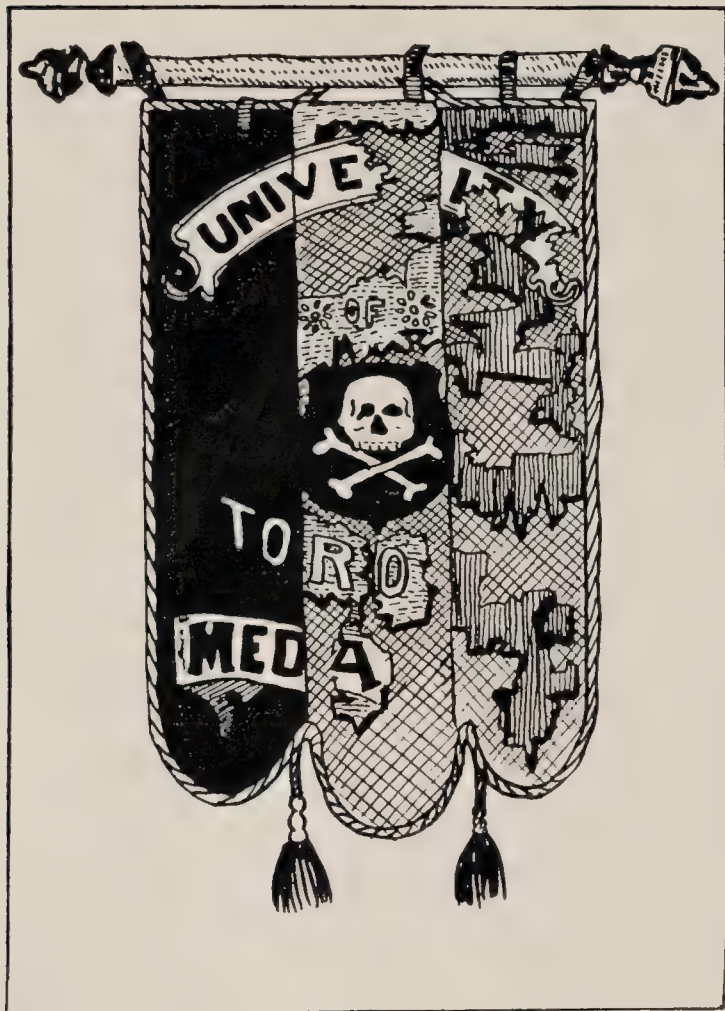
Dr. Wookey (after examining the frost-bitten ears of (a) Ken Moir 2T6 and (b) a Russian navvy)—
"How curiously they resemble each other!"

The boys who to the lectures go
And sit behind the ladies' row,
Would like the little girls to know,
By heck,

That if they bob their hair, bigosh,
E'en though they wear the odd golosh
We'd much prefer it if they'd wash
Their neck.

(Ed. note—Really, we must speak to 2T5.)

There were ten men of the fourth year fives gathered around the bedside of a patient with an acute appendix. Dr. Sh-nst-ne asked them all in turn what treatment they would adopt. Each one supported the other in the contention that hot compresses were in order until the acute stage was over and then an operation was necessary. Dr. S-en-to-e remarked: "Well, as a matter of fact, I am going to cut this afternoon". The patient looked up and said, "Like hell you are. It's ten to one against you".



The Standard

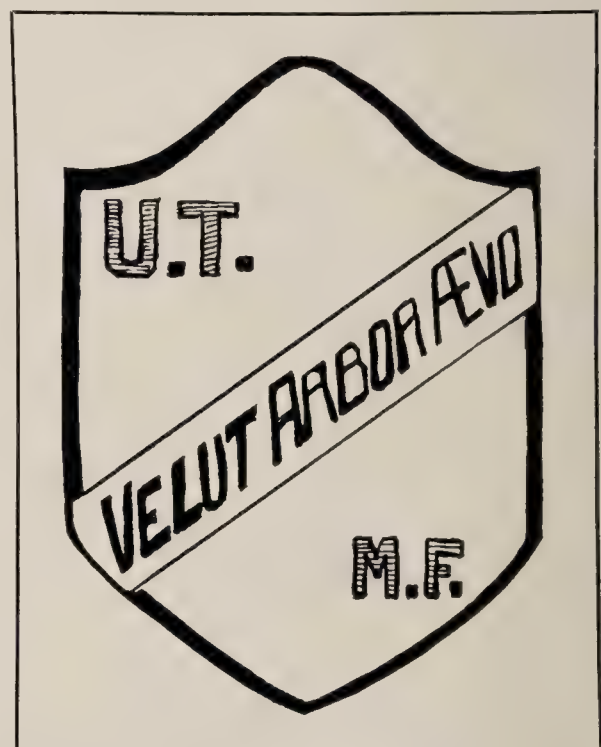
THE STANDARD

Everyone who has reached second year in the Faculty of Medicine in the past twenty years has seen and wondered about the old standard that has been hanging in the old dissecting room for at least that length of time. The standard (of which a cut is given above) has a history, and to appease the curiosity of hundreds who have passed their apprenticeship in the old Biology building, it is herewith given.

On Friday, October eleventh, nineteen hundred and one, there was held a parade of Medical students, three hundred strong. Parades in those days were different. Firstly, Arts then had the temerity to precede Meds (they would think twice about it now), and secondly it was a real parade. The occasion was the visit of H. M. King George V, then Duke of Cornwall and York, and the Varsity students were to meet him.

The late Dean Ellis procured the necessary decorations for the affair in the form of the standard in red, black and white, backed by the Union Jack, and in individual shields (a cut of one of which is also given) in yellow, white and black. The standard was carried by the executive of the Medical Society, while the orderly mob, each member bearing a shield, followed behind.

The story of how the Standard and a couple of shields found their way to the dissecting room is lost, but there is the mute evidence of the tattered old banner. They have been carefully nursed by Genial George O, C. Bodies and Brains for twenty years,



The Shield

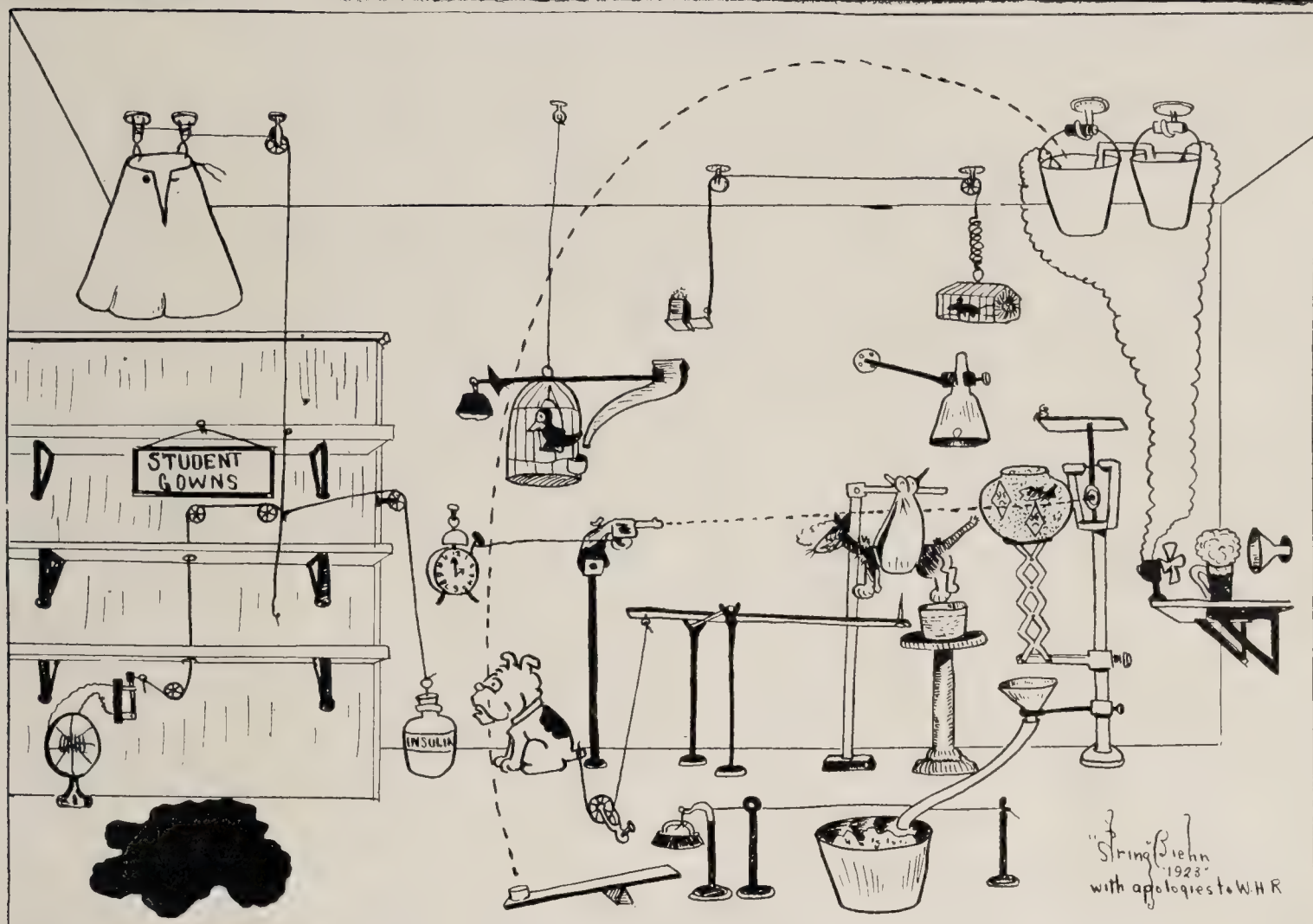
and many cadavers have passed through the old room since the Meds' banner has rested against the beam on its rusty nail. It is to be hoped that a permanent home may be found for the relic ere it disintegrates from too much formalin.

Clinician—"Did you notice any thrills when you palpated her heart?"

Rumball (blushing)—"I'll say I did."



EPISTAXIS 1923



String's New Device:—Getting the Student Inside the Gown

The ambitious student advances and pulls the string which will seemingly release the suspended gown. Close scrutiny will reveal the fact that the release is prevented by a nail in the top shelf. To pull the string the student has to stand in the liquid tar. When a sufficient force has been exerted the effect is twofold. In the first place the one branch of the cord turns off the electric heater—which allows the tar to congeal and the student to remain; in the second place the tension extracts the stopper from the Insulin container causing a manifestation of great joy on the part of the diabetic dog. By the law of conservation of energy and a simple arrangement of pulleys the “delight” is transmitted to the lever with a result that the cat receives a nociceptive impulse—eliciting the extensor thrust of the hind limb. In thrusting the limb out, the foot comes in contact with a suitable solution to generate a feline aroma which is directed to the mouse trap, by way of the funnel above. The mouse, as is the diabetic dog, is also thrown into a state of kinetic rapture and gives Terpsichorean expression to his emotions. These actions transmitted by the spiral spring trips the box of bird-seed into the chute leading to the cuckoo's cage. The bird sings and the hired girl's alarm clock, laboring under delusion that another clock has struck—alarms. The ringing of the alarm discharges the gun which has been carefully aimed at the bull's-eye on the swinging rod. The bullet, striking the bull's-eye, precipitates

the angle worms on the attached board into the bowl containing several well starved specimens of that avaricious Teleost, the goldfish. In the struggle ensuing, water is thrown out of the container and falls into the funnel below. The funnel connected by rubber tubing to a pail of metallic sodium—carries the water hence, and the resultant conflagration burns the string which suspends the flat iron over a lever. The flat iron falling strikes the lever with sufficient force to cause the yeast cake on the other end to describe the parabola depicted by the dotted line. The pail into which this falls contains an unfermented home brew mash. Fermentation results immediately and the carbon dioxide formed causes a distinct rise in electrical potential in the pail of mash. The pail of mash, connected to a pail of 2% beer of extremely low hydrogen ion concentration, makes possible an electric current. By using hard rubber electrodes—and the springs from two wornout curtain rollers, this current is led to an electric fan which functions in the face of a large schooner of pre-war beer. The froth from the beer is instantaneously dispersed—and is guided by another funnel to the operating room with the immediate result that no one cares whether or not the student succeeds in getting into the gown.

N.B.—The student is released from the tar by the janitor on his nightly rounds to find out how many of the nurses are sitting in the darkened lecture rooms.



2T6 WISE-CRACKS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF 2T6

"Smirlie" Fiddler—"What are you going to do next summer?"

"Wally Reid" Verity—"Going down south to make movies with Pearl White and Madge Kennedy."

ATTENTION, MR. EASDALE

Someone has removed the brass plate from Queen's Hall. Most likely it now occupies a prominent place in somebody's room. Sorry, Rupert, but they were a little ahead of you that time, but remember that there is still a fine grand piano at Hart House.

Have you noticed that good little Y.M.C.A. representative of 2T6 who never fails to be around the wicked Royal flush?

The next time Alan Sweet's roommate arrives home in the wee sma' hours without a key we hope he will forget that "Sweetie, Sweetie, come down and let me in" stuff. If he does it again he'll be pinched sure.

2T6 WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

What a certain new young lady of our year said when she tripped on the stair.

If there is any connection between the fact that Hudson and Watson are rolling their own this winter, and the fact that they were seen at the Thorncliffe Fall Meet.

Now that a prize has been donated, when the Fleming-Thomas automobile race of thirteen laps around the front campus is going to take place.

How that "fast" watch of Dr. Taylor's got that way. Probably an acquired characteristic.

Why Percy Vivian insists on singing "I'm a daddy to-day" every Friday morning.

If it is true that Miss Bates will never change her name.

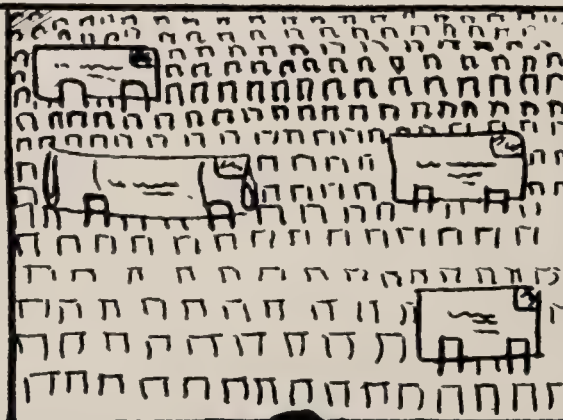
FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Thaler—"There is just one (?) thing I don't understand."

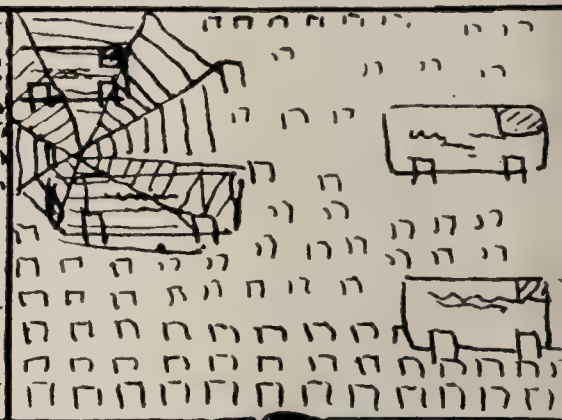
Huggard—"I simply wish to accentuate the notice posted up concerning. . . ."

John (Physiology Lab.)—"Sign here."

Do you remember
how you felt,
when, after
watching the
letter-board



In your first year,



In your second year



Biochem Storekeeper—"It's on the shelf."

Harold Stahl—"Let me explain that. . . ."

Snitman (with progressive acceleration)—"Say, fellows, gav yuk seen thut notice about thut examinology in physiation?"

—?—"I see the time is up."

Dave Pratt—"Oh, I'd simply die without music."

THE 2T6 WISE CRACKERS.

A LOWLIFE TRAGEDY

A gay bacillus, so goes the story,
Once gave a ball in a lab'ratory.
The fête took place on a cover-glass,
With floor for dancing unsurpassed.
None but the cultured were invited,
Hence many saphrophytes were
slighted.

They closely shut the ball-room doors
To all the germs containing spores.
The staphylococci first arrived,
To stand in groups they all contrived.
The diplococci came in view
A trifle late and two by two.
The preumcocci, stern and proud,
Thought toddling should not be
allowed,

And said the well-known Brownian
movement

Would not be any great improve-
ment.

The fête began, the mirth ran high,
With not a fear of danger nigh.
Each germ enjoyed himself that night,
Without a fear of phagocyte.

'Twas getting late, when some one
cried:

Look out! Here comes formaldehyde.
It came! The flood o'erwhelmed the
mass

That swarmed the fated cover-glass.
Not one survived but perished all.
Poor microbes have no fun at all.

BAKE.

Sir James McKenzie says:—

"While obviously not entirely satis-
factory in every way, still as medical
education stands to-day the oral
examination remains as one of our
best means of judging the know-
ledge of students in our colleges."

Page Sir James McKenzie.

Is Harvey Gauld getting material
for a thesis on :—"Ileo-Caecal Stasis
as a cause of Night Brightness and
Morning Dullness"?



you finally get a
letter advertising
drugs or books?

Did you
feel that you
had at last
been recognized
as a part of
the University?



YOU SURE DID!!

and in your third year



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*Medals, Class Pins,
Trophies,
Gifts of Silver and Gold*
ARE
"GIFTS THAT LAST"

THE DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS

All was peaceful in Ward G that Friday afternoon. Medicine had been around, the temps had been taken and the nurse was nodding over her charts in the office. Outside, the *Globe* robins chirped, the occasional ambulance whirled up to the Emergency, an occasional doctor took a round out his Ford in the area below, and the street-cars on College street added their heavy rumble to the general unrest. Inside, the silence was unbroken save by the squeaking and the creaking of little Milly's Social Service book carriage as protesting, it ambled down the ward, and the efforts of the ardent Couéist somewhere within ear-shot with his interminable "Kiddy-key (probably the Key to Health), Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" (decrescendo).

The creaking of the carriage ceased, and Milly, selecting "Wild animals I have discovered" by Rosenow, approached a bed occupied by a well-developed, poorly-nourished white male of about fifty years of age. The muttering which she had noticed from the foot of the bed, became audible as she approached the

head. "Is it organic or is it functional?" he was asking himself. "My poor man," said Milly, "can I give you a book? There might be some author of whom you are fond, as I see you have had some education." The well-developed, but poorly nourished somewhat cyanosed white male, looked at her and replied, "Oh, no, Miss. I was a Chemical Engineer, graduated from the Red School House and had a good job with the Street Cleaning Department until this terrible thing came over me." "Oh do tell me your story," cried Milly, "you interest me, and I may be able to help you."

"Well, Miss, it was like this. Some years ago I was a well-developed, well-nourished white male of thirty years of age with no swelling of the ankles, respirations normal and no palpable glands." "No palpable glands?" queried Milly with a catch in her voice. "No palpable glands," the man replied. She thought he was about to break down at this ghastly disclosure. "One day," he went on, "I was happily engaged at my work when suddenly I got a severe headache. I was brought here to the hospital and the first doctor I saw was Dr. Gwynn, who, as my temperature was up, said I had typhoid fever. For some weeks I was treated and recovered from perforation after perforation until one day Dr. Oille came into the ward. He immediately diagnosed a malignant ulcerative endocarditis and for the next two months they took culture after culture and all were negative." He paused and for a moment sobbed softly to himself. "In turn," he continued, "Dr. Campbell said it was diabetes, Dr. Rolph said it was an ulcer, Dr. Armour said it was amiotrophic lateral sclerosis, and Dr. McPhedran claimed pneumokoniosis.

"Finally, Dr. Howland examined me and said it was either functional or organic. This offered me a ray of



hope, and after the Doctor had examined my spine for buckshot, he commenced to inquire about my childhood days. Alas! I could tell him nothing as I was suffering from an amnesia. Since then, every day, Dr. Howland has asked me the same question, 'Is it functional or is it organic,' and I have given up all thoughts of recovery. Anyway another Chemical Engineer has my job now, so it doesn't matter." "How sad," Milly pronounced softly, "Here, try this 'Index to differential Diagnosis of Main Symptoms', you may find comfort in it." So saying, she moved on with her squeaky cart to the next bed.

The next Friday on her rounds she noticed that the bed formerly occupied by the Chemical Engineer, now contained a well-developed, well-nourished white Russian of about forty years of age. She asked the nurse, what had become of the other patient. "Ah, Miss Milly," the nurse replied, "Dr. Robinson said it was organic."



(Overheard at Hart House Tuck)

Med. Frosh—"Give me a package of Epsom Salts and a pair of running Shoes."

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CUSHIONS, CRESTS,
SWEATERS, STOCKINGS, etc.
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SHAKE! SHAKE! SHAKE!

(Written and composed to music by Mr. Christopher Columbus Hall just before he discovered the Irish Republic. Translated from the original dialect by Lamarshane 2T5, who has been authorized with full powers of attorney by the above-mentioned to tender sincerely humble apologies to Alfred Tennyson.)

Shake! Shake! Shake!
All the food in my body, O Sea;
And I would that my bread and
butter
Would stay for a while with me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
Who can eat his lunch on the sea;
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
I wish 'twere as well for me!

And my stately ship goes on,
Whilst I lean over the rail;
And oh, for the touch of a doctor's
hand,
And a tummy strong and hale!

Shake! Shake! Shake!
I'm tired of thy billows, O Sea;
And hunger and shore, I seem to feel,
Will never come back to me!

LAMARSHANE 2T5.



Any member of 2T4 (except English or Veale) at 2, 3 or 4 any afternoon.

ENTERON

Docter, I haf ze Stoomack aike,
It hort me Oh zo much,
Ze crool pains on my badnomen,
I nefer had ze such.

And, Docter, no, I don' ate much
Of anysing a-tall,
Nor nefer do I oferdoze
My Stoomack at ze Ball.

And I are moz' parteculare
Ze voods I moosticate,—
Vor loonch, I ate twelf' goot bananns,
Long vith a few potat'.

An' mebbe, too, zum peekle few,
Zum meelk an' grabappool,
Vith zum spagett' an' poork an' bean,
And vith zum garlic grool.

Zo I vant know vy I should be
Molest' vith horble aikes,
An' vill you mak' vun Stoomack noo
An' how much vould eet take?

You no can make? Oh, doctor,
please
What shall I do, mon Dieu.
A quart of castor oil? By gar
You are no goot. Adieu.

LAMARSHANE 2T5.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AFRICAN GOLF AND HOW TO PLAY IT
By E. K. Lyon and Don. Campbell.

FAMILIES AND HOW TO RAISE THEM
A practical exposition of the care and management of children, including full notes on infant feeding made at the Sick Children's Hosp. and personal experiences by Drs. Barlow and Fawcett.

THE HEART

A complete treatise of the psychology and physiology of several disorders of the male and female heart, an authoritative discussion of the true cause of forceful beating, blushing, skipped beats and lectures, etc. Personal observations by the authors Drs. Code and Wansbrough, assisted by the nursing staff.

HOW TO KEEP THIN

By Drs. Orr and Watson.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOTLEGGER

By Joe Ross, assisted by U. P. Byrne and Doc. White.

ETIOLOGY OF RETARDATION AND DEEP MORNING SLEEP

By the late Mr. F. A. Brady (R.I.P.).

THE BABINSKI

Lecture on "the relative frequency of the knee-jerk and opisthotonos among the Patagonians", personal reflections by C. W. Dales with a comprehensive concordance by S. U. Page and F. W. Munro.

REVELATIONS ON THE TRUE COMPOSITION OF HART HOUSE SOUPS, STEWS AND MEAT PIES

Or the missing cats and dogs and where they went—personal sleuthings by Drs. Bull and Veale (Tinkertons Canadian Reps.).

THE YELLOW FACE

A thrilling tale of the yellow peril by JAUN DICE.

THE — — —

By — — (censored)

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OPEN EVENINGS

A Sixteenth Century Poem on Anatomy

But chieflye the Anatomye
Ye oughte to understande:
If ye will cure well anye thinge,
That ye doe take in hande.

For by the same above the rest,
Ye sha'll greate fame deserue,
The life of man from manye streigh-
tes,
To save and well preserue.

Without the knowledge of whyche
arte,
thou canste not chose but erre:
In all that thou shalte goe aboute
Thy knowledge to preferre:

As if ye cutte or cauterize,
Or use Phlebotomye:
Ye can not but erre in the same,
without Anatomye.

He is no true Chirurgien
That can not shewe by arte,
The nature of eurye member,
Eche from other aparte.

For in that noble handye worke,
There doth nothings excell,
The knowledge of Anatomye,
It it be learned well.

Endeuoure therefore by all meanes,
The same to knowe and cunne,
For when thou haste it perfectlye,
Thine arte is halflye wunne.

For thereby shalt thou understande
Of eche member in dede,
Their nature and their offices,
And how they doe procede.

And unto what good use they serve,
As well the leaste as moste,
And by their hurte Prognosticate,
what action will be loste.

whereby of knowledge and greate
skill,
Thou shalt obtaine the brute,
And men to thee in generall,
For helpe shall make their sute.

wherefore all honour, laude and praise,
To God ascribed be,
The Father, Sonne, and holye Ghoste,
One God and personnes three.

JOHN HALLE (1565).

REGENERATION

It was the regular Sunday morning
service in the asylum and the ama-
teur evangelistic minister was bound
he would make progress in the re-
ligious life of the institution.

In small bunches the groups of
patients from the various cottages
and wards filed in and took their
places till the hall was well filled.

(Continued on Page 29)



**Hockey Boots
Skates
Hockey Sticks
Sweaters**
and
Sweater Coats

J. BROTHERTON
580 YONGE ST.

IS IT ORGANIC OR
IS IT FUNCTIONAL?

(Ed. note—The staff detective has investigated the alleged lament spread out below and reports that it is actually the cardiac effusion of a love-sick freshman. We know the youth, but not seeing with his eyes, have not as yet ascertained to whom he ascribes his disorder.)

A BALLAD OF A LOVE-SICK
FRESHMAN

Oh, I stand upon the corner, and the
reason you shall see,
For that is what I'll tell you if you
listen well to me.

Just below the corner, on the right
side of the street,
Is a stately gray-stone building—a
fair Co-ed's retreat;

And in this gray-stone building lives a
Co-ed fairer far

Than the whitest of the roses or the
sparkling northern star.

She is sweeter than the perfume—but
wait, I'm off the track,
I'll start at the beginning and finally
work back.

'Twas my first day here at Varsity;
I was wandering alone
Around the sun-touched campus, and
thinking, p'raps, of home;

When I saw her—yes I saw her—and
I stood as one quite dead;
Then I wakened and began to pray
she was a first year Med.

On just the next day after, our first
lecture we did take—
And my heart did leap within me
until I thought 'twould break.

For there within the lecture room, not
ten feet from the door,
Was an angel—yes I swear it—'twas
the girl I'd seen before.

And I went and sat—not by her—but
a seat or two behind;
Where at leisure I could gaze on her
and worship in my mind.

And this I did from day to day; and
yet, and even yet—
Each time I'd turn my gaze on her
more love I would beget.

Till finally I felt the need of seeing her
much more—
Whene'er I'd almost catch her, she'd
vanish through a door.

So I stand upon the corner, and the
reason, p'raps, you see —
I hope that while I'm standing there
she will appear to me.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Ricketts of Port Credit writes:
"Last week, when in New York, I
visited Dr. Coué and asked him
about my bow legs. He told me to
say fifty times before going to bed:
"I am not bow-legged." Unfortunately I said it 100 times and next
morning I found I was knock-kneed.
What shall I do about it?"

Answer: "Have you tried Tanlac?"



(Continued from Page 27)

After the preliminaries the minister started on a red-hot sermon and finally by way of climax asked for testimony. Several of the feminine inhabitants of the institution gave testimony, each one exceeding the other in quantity and intensity; finally he asked if one of the men would not say a word. The response was instantaneous and with a vacant stare and a dreamy look that had been in his eye for the last three years one started to give his testimony as to the wonderful change that had come in him.

"Three years ago I was a bum, a disgrace to my parents and good for nothing. Now I can look them straight in the face and tell them that their son is pure."

"Fine, go on, go on, anything else?"

"More than that, to-day I can look around me and see the other men who have been influenced by my life. Why three years ago I was influenced by any one who passed by me and now it has all changed so much."

"Yes, yes, fine, my young man, fine. And to what do you attribute all this change, what has made all this difference in your life?"

The stare became more vacant and the look more distant as he said, breaking down in tears and his mouth hanging widely open, "*Luminol*".

The meeting was closed abruptly.

WHICH ONE IS THIS?

We feel that the Six Year Course has not been in vain, judging by the following conversation that was overheard between a Six Year Medette and a Lady Doctor.

Lady Doctor: My, what a long course you have now.

Medette: Oh well, look at Galen, he studied twelve years and then he didn't know anything.

Lady Doctor: Why, is he a man in your year?



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OF FAMOUS MEN.



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Let a chiroquacktor give you

THE KEYS TO HEALTH

in return for

THE KEYS TO YOUR WEALTH

Are you disappointed in love?
Does your Ford misfire?
Do you suffer from back-ache,
tonsillitis, tabes, meningitis,
broken arms and engagements,
cold feet, loose teeth, bunions,
night sweats, crowded street
cars, cauliflower ears or the
O.T.A.? Have you any money?
We will take it!

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How clear to my mind are the ills of
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And the old family doctor who
brought me around.
His whiskers grew rampant like deep-
tangled wildwood,
The drugs that he fed me were
weighed by the pound.
The calomel powders he gave for
my liver,
The camphor and squills and the
cardamon tea,
The quinine he gave when I started
to shiver,
How vivid those memories come
back to me.
The old family doctor, the big-hearted
doctor,
The smelly old doctor, we all loved so
well.

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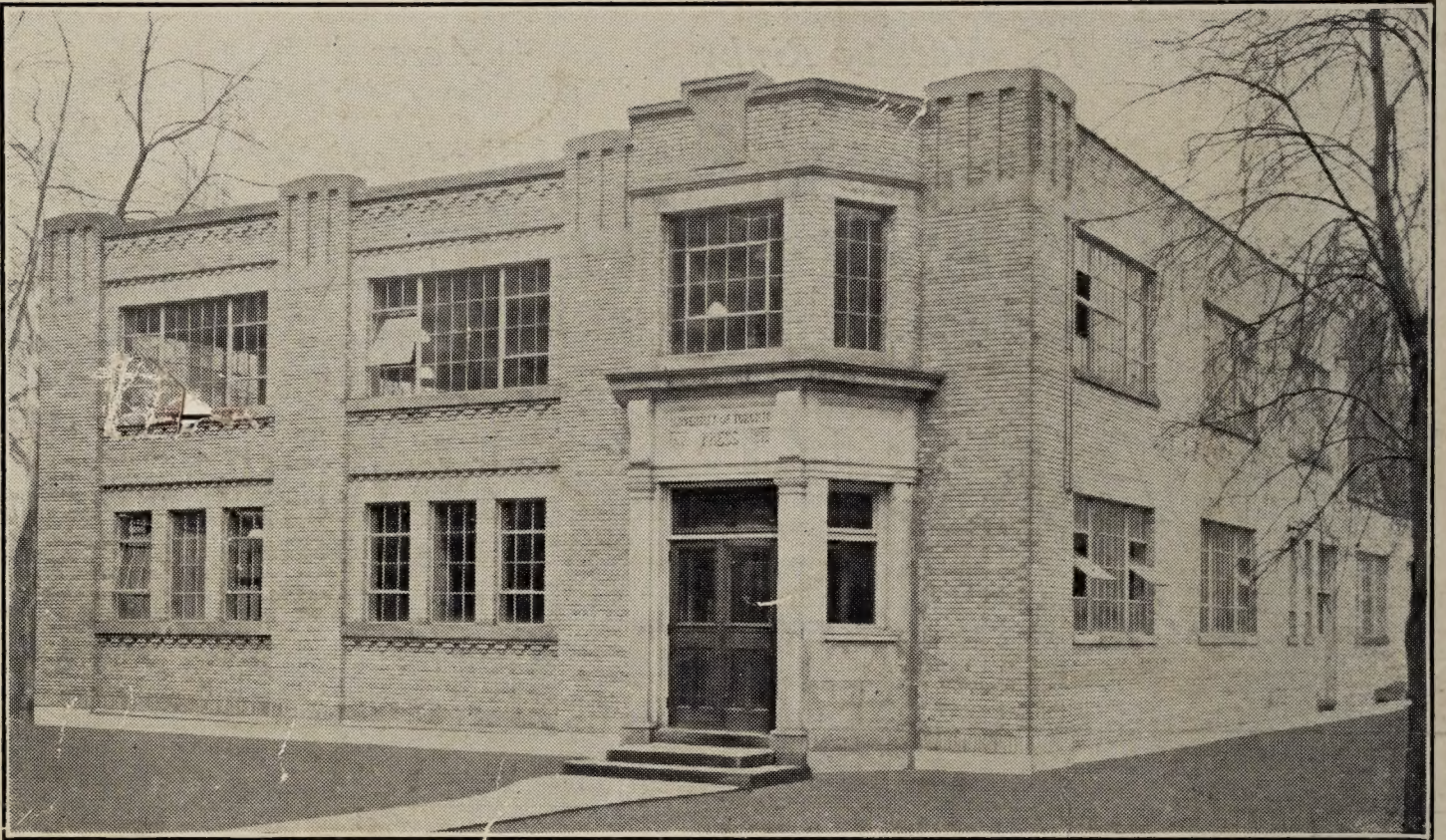
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